

Ranelagh House:

A

S A T I R E

In P R O S E :

In the Manner of

MONSIEUR *LE SAGE*.

*Deum immortalem, quod Theatrum est illud,
quam varius Stultorum Tumultus !*

ERASMUS.



L O N D O N :

Printed for W. OWEN, at *Homer's Head* near
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(Price Six-pence.)

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ATIRE

IN P R O S E

In the Manner of

MSIEUR LE SAGE.



Printed by W. O. G. at the Press of the
British Museum, 1753.
By Assent.



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British Museum, 1753.

(Price Six pence.)

TO
Monsieur **L E S A G E**,
IN THE
ELYSIAN FIELDS.

Most Facetious Sir !

I Beg leave to inscribe the following little Piece to you, from whom the Idea of it was borrow'd. Happy would it have been for the cause of Wit, if you had lived in Great Britain at a time when there are such copious Subjects for the exercise of Satirical Talents. I suppose you are at present blest with the company and conversation of Lucian, Menippus and Swift, and perpetually laughing at human affairs, and the unaccountable

countable vanities of Mankind; which I assure you encrease yearly, with the addition of some strange folly that even You could have no conception of. Among which there is not a greater, than the Itch of Scribbling, which seems to have seized all the young fellows in this Kingdom, and of which I am afraid the following Satire is an Instance. I shall think it the greatest honour, if it can extort a Laugh from you when you read it, and am, with the utmost gratitude,

Your Imitator,

5 JA 59

and Admirer, &c.



Ranelagh House:

A

SATIRE.

P*Hilomides* is a Gentleman of sprightly Wit, and very solid Judgment, but a little too satirical in his Temper. His favourite study is the knowledge of men and manners; and having a strong sense of the *Ridiculous*, his conversation chiefly consists in painting the

B

Follies

Follies and Foibles of mankind, which he does in a very lively and entertaining manner, only his remarks are sometimes too bitter and severe; and he is apt to give the worst interpretations of the motives of Actions seemingly virtuous and benevolent. He has at present Chambers at *Lincolns-Inn*; where, instead of *Bracton* and *Lyttelton*, he delights in reading *Lucian*, *Cervantes* and *Rabelais*, and other Authors who have described human Actions, Characters and Passions, particularly old *Montagne*, his disciple and friend *Peter Charron*, *Bruyere*, and the Duke *de la Rochefocault's* *Maxims*. Add to these another *French* Writer, the inimitable *Le Sage*, whose Works he styles, *The Mirrour of Mankind*. As he was one evening reading *Le Diable Boiteux* of that celebrated author, and was just come to that passage, where the
merry

merry Demon, who was just released out of the Magician's Bottle, uncover'd all the tops of the Houses in *Madrid*, that Don *Cleofas* might see the most secret Actions of Men, he could not forbear crying out in a Rapture ; — What an excellent Devil was this ! How happy was Don *Cleofas* in hearing his humorous Observations ! What would I give to be taken to the top of St. *Paul's*, as he was to that of St. *Saviour's* at *Madrid*, to see *London* untiled, and all the most secret vices and practices of the most artful hypocrisy discover'd and display'd ! — He had scarce utter'd these words, when he felt something tap him upon the Shoulder, and looking round, he saw *Asmodeo* himself, of whom he had been speaking, with the same long visage and venerable mustachios, the little fiery eyes, the turban with beautiful feathers in it, the white fatten cloak, and crutches, with which he appear'd

pear'd to Don *Cleofas*. Do not trem-
 ble so much (began the little Demon)
 my good friend *Philomides*; I have
 been no stranger to your ardent
 wishes to be acquainted with me: I
 know how greatly you envy Don
Cleofas. And tho' I cannot conve-
 niently transport you to *Madrid*, yet
 I will carry you to an Entertainment
 much nearer, and shew you more
 extravagant and ridiculous Follies,
 than the *Spanish* Scholar ever beheld.
 I often go thither to divert myself, and
 shall this evening be much pleased,
 if you will give me your company.
 But first, for certain reasons, I must
 change my person and habit. Dur-
 ing which operation I must only
 beg you to shut your eyes a mo-
 ment, as you know a well-bred man
 always does, when he is admitted
 to visit a Lady in Bed, who is going
 to shift herself. *Philomides* not quite
 yet recover'd from his Astonishment,
 obey'd him: You may now look up,
 said

said the Devil ; and see me array'd like a grave Barister at Law, a shape I often assume : Observe my full-drest black coat with these long sleeves, these roll'd stockings, these square-topt shoes, this long flowing wig, and this important frown upon my face, and tell me if I am not a venerable figure. *Philomides* by this time recover'd Spirits, and told him he had gravity enough for a Bench-er of forty years standing. Let us lose no time, cry'd the Devil, but hasten away to the Temple of Luxury, the Theatre of Madness, the Habitation of Folly, which you will; I need not tell you I mean *Ranelagh House*. By the way *Philomides* enquir'd of several particulars relating to the other World. And among other curious matters was informed, that when the late Earl of *O----d* arrived at Hell, he was doom'd to undergo the same Torments as *Sejanus* and *Wolfey*, but that

that he found a Method to bribe *Minos* and *Æacus*, and escaped half his Punishment: That Mr. *Pope* took his Place in the Elysian Fields not among the Poets but the Philosophers, and that he was more fond of *Socrates's* company than *Homer's*: And that Sir *Walter Raleigh* was perpetually lamenting the Degeneracy and Cowardice of the *English*, of which he was informed by several Ghosts that descended into the other World after the Battles of *Fontenoy* and *Falkirk*. Upon these topics the Devil entertained *Philomides* as they past along.

As soon as they enter'd the Amphitheatre in *Ranelagh* Gardens, By *Beelzebub's* Beard, said the Devil, I am glad to see so many of my Votaries assembled here. Here's food for Laughter! Let us get up into yonder Gallery, from whence we may survey each single person as they walk by us in this great Circle,
and

and I will describe to you their lives and characters as they pass.

LET me intreat you, said the Devil, as soon as they were seated, to cast your eyes on that fat Lady with an impudent masculine air: she is the foundress of those Assemblies call'd *Routes*, at the origin of which all Hell rejoiced; and she has contributed to destroy the health and fortunes of more Women, than I or the most malicious Spirit can boast. She had fifty eight Whist Tables at her House last *Sunday* night; three Countesses and one Baron were totally ruined. She has built a noble and spacious Room which is entirely dedicated to Card-playing. An exquisite Bust of the renowned Mr. *Hoyle* is placed over the Chimney, crown'd with Laurel, and under it is the following Inscription: This is the great Genius, who first discovered to the World the profound Mysteries of the Game of Whist.

You

You may observe two Ladies walking with her, one of them has a very melancholy disconsolate countenance, occasion'd by her being oblig'd to pawn her jewels, and even her watch, for play-debts; and the other, who looks so weak and sickly, lately miscarried in an agony of grief for losing the odd Trick. There follows them a Nobleman richly drest; the price of his embroider'd waistcoat would bribe a Judge: what think you of the person he is walking with, and bowing so obsequiously to, who looks as haughtily, and steps as stately as *Gleopatra*. ---She is some Ambassador's Lady at least, answer'd *Philomides*. No, said *Asmodeo*, she is one of the Opera Singers, on whom this Cully of a Peer has settled a thousand pounds a year, and whom he flatters himself is extremely constant to him, tho' I just now perceived her wink upon a Bassoon-player in the Orchestra,

chestra, whom she has engaged to meet privately when his Lordship is gone to the house. You may see two Men plainly drest, looking earnestly, and talking of this happy pair; one is my good Lords Taylor, who complains he has not been paid these ten years, and that he was ordered to be turned down stairs the last time he demanded his debt: the other is a Toyman, who is cursing himself for letting this *Statira* have a Service of very fine *Dresden* China, which she assured him her Lord would pay for immediately. I cannot let yonder spruce Spark pass by us unobserved: how soft and delicate is his mien! One would think him one of the ancient *Sybarites*. I can smell his Lavender-water up hither: how effeminately he trips along with his snowy hands hid in a muff! His Father could make a great many votes in *Cornwall*, for which his Son, being of a rough and warlike disposition,

fition, was honour'd with a Com-
 mission in the Army. When he
 went abroad, his Dressing-plate and
 Tortoise-shell combs were esteemed
 the most elegant in the whole camp.
 How often had he like to have faint-
 ed the night before the battle of
Fontenoy, and as he march'd, or ra-
 ther stagger'd (so great was his fear)
 up to the Attack, with a great Bot-
 tle of Hartshorn-drops in his pocket,
 I heard him secretly make the fol-
 lowing Prayer ; Grant, O good hea-
 vens, that I may escape this fatal
 day, and I will never more cog the
 dice at hazard, nor lye, swear or
 blaspheme, debauch honest citizens
 wives and daughters, defraud inn-
 keepers at my quarters, bilk whores
 or box-keepers, nor rob my com-
 mon men of their necessary subsis-
 tance money.--If I must be wound-
 ed, let my face escape, and let me
 receive the fatal blow in my back ;
 but if I get safely off, and drink tea
 once

once more with Lady *Fanny*, I will immediately sell my commission and buy a new Altar-piece for *Convent-Garden* Church. Pray inform me, interrupted *Philomides*, of the character of that conceited Coxcomb whom I hear talking *Italian* so loud. He has the air and dress of a foreigner. He is indeed ashamed to own himself an *Englishman* (answer'd the satirical Demon) and by disuse has forgot his Mother tongue. He is just returned from Travel, and sets up for a great Virtuoso. He imagines he has an exquisite Taste in Painting, Statuary, and Medals; and is inviting his friend to come and see a genuine *Otho*, which I assure you was coined at *Rome* about two years ago. He is this moment making a panegyric on the charming green rust of his favourite medal, that hinders the inscription from being read. He is perpetually railing at the climate and manners of his native country; and pronouncing the word

Gothic, fifty times an hour. He has built a house so much in the *Italian* taste for shade and coolness, that half his family are dying of violent colds. He imported into this country some very valuable commodities; viz. A *Venetian* Courtezan, a *Cremona* Fiddle, an headless Statue of *Helen*, a Count who fled from *Fl-rence* for murder, five Suits of *Genoa* velvet, the best Edition of *Pastor Fido*, and a Cook who makes the best soup in Christendom, and who has had his Education in a Cardinal's Kitchen. A little on the right hand stalks a tall, ghastly figure; he is a political Writer, and has made himself lean, by fretting at the measures of the ministry. He has a prodigious quantity of Public Spirit: and tho' he has no property, complains of grievances and taxes. He is preparing a very virulent pamphlet, which, if it be not printed soon, his Landlord will seize at Midsummer next for the

the Rent of his Garret. If his country were to be ruin'd, all he could lose would be a second-hand pair of breeches, and an odd volume of *Gordon's* translation of *Tacitus*. However, I foresee this great Patriot's heavy complaints will be shortly silenced, by his being made a Tide-water; and then he will think *Great Britain* in a very flourishing condition. But yonder comes the precise and prudent *Erminia*: how demurely and soberly she looks! She is the greatest Prude that ever hid *Fontaine's* tales under a cushion. How her face belyes her Desires! These kind of Women are my delight: They add Hypocrisy to Lewdness: They have been compar'd very justly to *Hammon's* Spring mention'd by *Lucretius*, whose waters all day were as cold as ice, but every night were boiling hot. The Youth that is talking to her so fast, and who laughs every moment, is an *Oxford* Scholar eloped from
the

the University. What a terrible agony was his poor Tutor seiz'd with when he found him absent! He immediately writes to Sir *Andrew* in the Country: What a bustle this occasions in the family! My Lady swoons, the Sisters cry. The Butler is dispatch'd to search him out; with a Letter from the Knight to disinherit him if he does not go back instantly. The young Baronet will at last return to his Chambers and Lectures, with an empty Pocket, and a head full of gaities and gallantries, abuse Doctor *Baralipton* his Tutor, and curse the Pedantry and Discipline of the University. Give me leave, said *Philomides*, to interrupt you a moment: tho' I must own, that your remarks are so very natural and entertaining, that I shall suffer by your silence. Let me hear, I intreat you, some account of the Lady who is just passing by us; she is the most beautiful young creature I ever beheld.

beheld. There is a sort of tender
 and languishing pensiveness in her
 face, which adds softness to her fea-
 tures, and melts one's Soul: Now I
 look closer, I think I perceive a tear
 standing in her eye: I am afraid she
 has some heavy and secret grief that
 preys upon her heart. And who is the
 wrinkled Matron that accompanies
 her with so much spleen, severity,
 and circumspection in her face? I
 dare say she is some old Duenna or
 Guardian of this charming girl: and
 puts one in mind of the ugly and hi-
 deous Serpent in *Tasso*, who kept the
 entrance into *Armida's* enchanted
 gardens. The young creature you are
 so much struck with (answered *As-
 modeo*) well deserves both your pity
 and admiration. Her story is briefly
 this. Her father and mother dying
 when *Julietta* (which is her name)
 was very young, left her in the hands
 of that detestable Hag her Aunt, who
 has all the bad affections that ever
 were

were muster'd together in the human breast. She is covetous, malicious, and envious; and never having felt any tenderness, cannot conceive there is such a thing in the world as disinterested Love. An accomplished young Gentleman often saw *Julietta*, and by degrees lov'd her to excess, and was equally belov'd by her: *Julietta's* fortune was large, and unequal to *Cynthio's*, who had only a decent competence; but she often made herself happy with the thoughts of bestowing her twenty thousand pounds upon the man she lov'd so dearly: In the mean time comes an old Stock-jobber into the country, immensely rich by rapine and plunder, and having purchased an estate near the Aunt's house, makes proposals of marriage to *Julietta*, upon this most excellent motive, because their estates lay contiguous. The mercenary soul of the Aunt quickly approves of the match,

forbids

forbids *Cynthio* the house, protests she will never pay *Julietta* her fortune (which is in her disposal) if she marries him, and has now brought her to town, to try to dissipate the thoughts of *Cynthio* amidst a circle of gaieties and diversions. As if *Ranelagh* House, or *Vauxhall* would cure the Heart-ache! or as your friend *Shakespear* says, minister to a mind diseas'd. But perhaps the good Aunt judges prudently. For the Stockjobber has at least four windows more in the front of his House than *Cynthio*, and has a service of Plate and China, which doubtless are the chief Ingredients in the happiness of Life. But let us turn from this melancholy and affecting object, who is more cruelly sacrificed than *Iphigenia* was, to a groupe of figures, that will make a man laugh, tho' he were just come out of *Trophonius's* cave. Those six persons you see

D standing

standing together are a notorious Pimp, an Author of a Play rejected by the Managers, railing at the taste of *Rich*, a Sea-Captain lately broke for Cowardice, an Attorney just come from forging a Will, a Stallion to a most insatiable woman of quality, in comparifon of whom *Messalina* was a Vestal, and lastly a creature who calls itself a freethinker, who is perpetually ridiculing every thing that is esteemed sacred and valuable by the wisest of Mankind. But his Wit is so insipid and so weak, that one may say of it as the Poet says of old *Priam's* feeble dart: *Telum imbelle sine ictu*. You seem to be well versed in classics, said *Philomides*. Better, I assure you, answer'd the Devil, than many who pretend to publish Editions of them, and join their heavy Commentaries to the most exquisite pieces of Ancient Wit; which procedure puts one in
mind

mind of *Mezentius* his Punishment
(if you will give me leave to quote
Virgil again)

*Mortua qui etiam jungebat corpora
vivis.*

But let us return to our Harvest of
fools---Yonder stands a party whose
characters deserve your Attention.
That pert young fellow with a black
ribbon round his neck, in a fustian
frock with very short Skirts, and a
very broad-brim'd hat in an affected
impudent Cock, is a Templar, who
having read all the modern comedies
and farces, the Spectators, *Dryden's*
Prefaces and Dedications, and hav-
ing once squeez'd out a prologue to
a play that was damn'd, sets up for
a critic and a wit. His Cat-call is
generally heard the first in the Pit:
He is the *Coryphæus* of those unman-
nerly disturbers of the public. He
is the most despicable Thing that
ever disgrac'd Humanity. He rises

at twelve at noon, faunters to some Coffee-house till one, dresses and has dined by four, then to the Coffee-house again, after that to the play for two acts, after that takes a round thro' all the Bagnios and Brothels in *Convent-garden*, kicks whores, and gets drunk with Arrack punch, staggers home at three in the morning, quarrels with the Watch and breaks Lamps. *Hæc est Vita Solutorum.* And this is a compleat and exact Journal of that kind of Animal, which by the bye pretends to have a soul, called a Templar. One of the Ladies he is talking to, is extravagantly fond of Cats and Lapdogs : A large Hound that she hugs and kisses all day, has the honour to lie with her all night. She is a Lady of great benevolence to the Brute Creation. She at this time carries a Squirrel in her pocket ; and if you observe, has just put in her finger that

that the dear little favourite may give her an amorous Bite. The other is a prodigious Devotee, and a great Reader of *Thomas a Kempis* : She has had thoughts of retiring from the world into some grotto in a desert, and to carry nothing with her but a Lamp and a Death's Head : I wonder to see her here, but I suppose she comes to make grave reflections on the Vanity of all pleasures and earthly amusements. She constantly frequents a church in the city where there is a handsome young Lecturer, who preaches prettily, has a graceful lisping delivery, and abounds in the most smart antitheses, most elegant and ingenious conceits, and the best-turned periods imaginable. He never frightens his fair audience with the mentioning any of my fraternity, but if I may so say, strews the path to heaven with flowers. But hold a little :

little : By *Proserpine* I spy yonder the very man I am speaking of ; 'tis he with a smooth round face, and a neck-cloth so white and so well-plaited under his florid double chin. He preach'd last *Sunday* in a silk gown, with a Lawn Handkerchief in his hand, and a fine Diamond Ring upon his finger, upon this well-chosen text ; *And why take ye thought for raiment ?* ---- He bows so well, and flatters so smoothly, and has so little spirit or honesty, that he will certainly be a Dean. I think I remember the face of yonder Gentleman (said *Philomides*) in many public places ; but certainly he is much alter'd, how pale is he grown, and how scurvily is he dress'd ! That is the famous *Hippias*, answer'd *Asmodeo*. He is descended of a noble family, and had an ample patrimony, every penny of which he has squander'd away by keeping
running

running Horses. . He has lately been confin'd in the *Fleet-Prison*. How changed is he from the gay creature that loll'd in a gilt chariot and fix last year at *Epsom*. A Martyr to Grooms and Sharpers. Let us leave him to the vexatious thoughts that must sting him for being a dupe to such low scoundrels, and let us hasten to the polite *Harmodio*. It is he who seems to be dissolved in an extasy, at hearing that Concerto they are now playing. He is one of the principal Subscribers to the present Operas, and a violent enemy of the great and inimitable *Handel*. He has no ear for music, and cannot distinguish a Gig from an Adagio, yet affects to be in raptures at the tasteless unaffected compositions, or rather musical rhapsodies of *Gluck*. He has a greater esteem for the first fiddle at the *Haymarket*, than for *Chesterfield* or *Lytelton*,

telton, or the greatest Patriot that
 ever adorned History. A little for-
 ward is a Lady curtesying very low
 to a stern weather-beaten Gentle-
 man: You must know she is thank-
 ing him, who is a Sea captain, for
 bringing her a cargo of the most
 curious Shells from the *East Indies*.
 She has a very large family of chil-
 dren, who are all boarded out, that
 she may not be disturbed, while her
 thoughts are employ'd in laying out
 designs for Shell-work, which in
 truth she performs admirably well:
 She has already finish'd two Grottos
 and five Chimney boards; and is
 now employ'd in a most important
 Work, her *Chef d'œuvre*, which is
 to make the fall of *Phaeton* in Shells.
 I have just spy'd another Virtuoso.
 She is a collector of Butterflies; she
 looks you see but weakly and pale,
 being just recovered of a violent fe-
 ver occasion'd by pursuing in very
 hot

hot weather, one of the largest and most beautiful Butterflies that ever was put under glass, and by disappointment at not being at last able to catch the precious little creature.

Do not you see a young Gentleman with a dejected aspect, following with great humility a Lady who tosses her head about with violent airs, talks loud, and looks earnestly at every young fellow she meets: She is the queen of Coquettes, and the young Spark her admirer, who has follow'd her these two years, may very justly be ranked among the Butterfly-hunters. You will think me in a very talkative humour to-day, *Philomides*; but when I have such a copious subject, as the vices and follies I see collected together in this place, I own I do not know how to desist. How can I be silent, when I see just before my eyes a very worthy member of Parliament,

E

who

who was very happy in his wife till the last Session, when he first brought her up to *London*, and where she soon forgot her virtue, simplicity, and innocence of manners, was debauched by my Lady *Trumpwell* into Card assemblies, carry'd to two Masquerades, got acquainted with a young Officer of the guards, with whom she is now walking, and has left her husband at home, who is extravagantly fond of her, in the utmost agitation of mind, sometimes vowing he will turn her out of doors, and give her a separate maintenance, and at others crying out ---This is impossible, I feel I still love her---Now I have happened to mention Masquerades, I will tell you a secret which I must injoin you not to discover. You must know then, that *H--d--g--r*, the manager of Masquerades, is a Devil disguised in a human shape. I wonder he
 did

did not change his Face as well as the rest of his body, but that still retains it's primitive Diabolicalness. He is called *Belial* in Hell, and is one of the shrewdest of *Pluto's* subjects. It is reckon'd that he has been more successful in corrupting Mankind, than any Devil that ever appear'd upon earth to do mischief. For the sake of Mirth, look at the young Gentleman sitting yonder in a contemplative posture. Observe the fine sneer upon his face. He has an excellent talent for Satire and Humour. He is now writing two pieces that will be inimitable; the first is, A Comparison of the *English* and *Hottentots*, wherein it is proved the latter nation is the wisest and happiest of the two. The second is call'd----Reasons for enlarging *Bedlam*, upon a Supposition, that three parts of mankind are mad. Yet he himself deserves a place among his
own

own Madmen for thinking, as he
does, that the Follies and Vices of
Mankind are to be reformed by Sa-
tire and Ridicule. But, dear *Philo-
mides*, methinks I see several people
of quality moving towards the doors.
I had forgot myself. I must hasten
away to court; it is just time for
the Drawing-room. I never fail be-
ing there. But let me first address
myself to this great Assembly in the
words of my favourite *Erasmus*:

*Valete, Plaudite, Vivite, Bibite,
Morice celeberrimi Mystæ.*



